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THE

LOTTERY,

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

AND

AN ODE TO WAR.

BY ST. DENIS LE CADET. pseud. of

Edward Denison

> "Tentanda via est," &c.
>
> "I mount aloft!
> "The ground is soft."
> Down falls the bard
> And swears 'tis hard—

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"Tentanda via est," &c.
"I mount aloft,
"The ground is soft."
Down falls the Bard,
And swears 'tis hard.—

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PHILIP MOORE,
Clerk of the District of Maryland.

THE LOTTERY.

PART I.

WHEN Poets find the Muse inclin'd,
Though warmly prest, to be unkind,
Of other aid they may avail 'em
By calling on the steed of Balaam:
'Twould give a proper spur to pride,
To think the beast they'd scorn to ride,
Impending fate to Prophet teaches—
More nobly than a Poet preaches:
And all this eloquence enhances,
By appropriate action, on his haunches.
We all do know, by chance or so,
An ass may speak quite apropos;
But that in general 'tis by action,
He shows dislike or satisfaction.—
There was angel in the pass
Would have kill'd Balaam but for 's ass;
He saw the angel, and all that,
When Prophet was as blind as bat,
And when he found that turning tail
And backing out would not avail.

But Balaam swore, had he a spit,
He'd kill the faithful beast with it;
He could no longer bear the brunt,
But told him danger was in front,
When Balaam, as the Chronicks say,
Was glad enough to run away.
Though some pretend to doubt if ever,
A modern ass was half so clever,
We know full well in other clime,
And nearer us in point of time,
Many a one from dire defeat,
Has saved himself on asses' feet.

The wisdom may be glean'd from asses,
Mere human learning far surpasses;
"Our great example as our theme,"
They are the very things we seem,
Exemplifying in persona,
The maxims of Signor Padrona—
Let but a distant donky bray—
With ears erect the herds at bay—
Attentive list'ning every prancer,
That he may make congenial answer,
And then replies from opening throat,
With equal measure—note for note;
Or else is silent altogether,
To browse upon delicious heather.
The critick hence may learn to quote
I'th sense in which his author wrote;
And not to mar, or make, or mend,
A meaning he did ne'er intend.

Poor patient beast, tho' sadly goaded,
Wont stir a peg if overloaded.
But drooping bears unfeeling blows,
Until his burthen lighter grows;
Then back a-bending; groans forth sending,
Forward still, and still a-tending,
He bears along th' oppresive weight,
Unto his cruel master's gate;
Exhausted there drops down as dead,
And then his back's disburthened.
Deny it stoicks if you can,
He bears his sorrows like a man.

Oh, who can dig without repining,
This mountain mole-hill man's a mining?
Oh who can bear this dull retreat.—
The fev'rish chill, the icy sweat,
Which mars this many string'd machine,
And make no musick in his spleen?
If such there be without a sigh,
Can bear an evil destiny,
To triumph chang'd the trial rude,
And touchstone of their fortitude;
Their merit I will not deny,
But yield the palm to apathy;
When fortune fights, jusqu'a l'outrance,
I have no passion for endurance.
But since these folks so well can bear it,
This cap may fit them, let them wear it.

Of sand a load, on sandy road,
In spite of lash, in spite of goad,

If chance he find too steep a hill,
His refuge is, to stand stock still;
He knows his weakness and denies,
T' essay impossibilities.
Our asses therefore plainly show
The wisdom of the sage Chilo;
Of ancient lore the very sum,
The far fam'd "Nosce te ipsum."

Unlike the ox and cattle neat,
No garbler he in choice of meat;
Not nicely picking, dainties choosing,
And all but trefoil flat refusing,
He champs a thistle with the rest,
And takes what "parabilior est",—
For good and bad an equal zest—
To him whatever is, is best.
Like pupil in Gymnasium,
His mouth's less delicate than his bum—
'What tickle's hide like a bed crumb,
Next moment is his pabulum.
Thus rough or smooth, or sweet or sour,
Are manag'd by digestive power,
And every weed by Nature sent
So changed to wholesome aliment.
And thus the genuine ingrain poet,
May test his genius, and then show it—
No thought above, no thing below it.
From elements of simpler kind,
Extract his medicine of the mind—
Then catch the shadow of an ancient beau,
Still, lingering on the banks of Po,

Though dead Two Thousand years ago;
Infuse new life at every pore,
With gasseous oxid age restore,
And make his *tibia* sound *encore.*

Since ancient learning so divine
Turns out to be thus asinine,
T' invoke the long ear'd genus might
A modern Poet's pains requite;
But since we are but new beginners
And may perhaps be laurel winners,
And there's no angel in the pass,
To give poetic coup-de-grace,
We shan't begin where others end,
With follies which we cannot mend.
Could Rabelais' wit, could Swift's undo,
The crime of such a mad debut?
With those perhaps—the nameless few—
Who have both wit and candour too—
As for our own—why if you doubt it,
Shut up the book—and do without it.

Our heart is light, our prospects fair,
Our humour is quite debonair—
And trust the same our readers are;
They love a courser's foot, of air,
And would be shock'd a leur entre,
To find one of these long ear'd gentry;
We'll be equestrians at least,
And ride upon a nobler beast:

Therefore good Pegasus attend,
Thy dromedarian haunches bend,
And be once more the poet’s friend—
Thou only steed the bard is able
To keep on nothing in no stable.
We have to take a woundy journey,
O’er many a hill, cross many a burny.
But still fair Truth, my jolly trooper,
Shall mount behind upon thy crupper,
And point the road from off her pillion,
To me her ladyship’s postillion;
Her silver tongue in canto fermo,
Shall cheer us whersoe’er we go:
For should we fiction’s bowers invade,
She is the very nut-brown maid,
For whom is spread th’ ambiguous shade;
Or if perchance to fount of day,
With thee I bear th’ adventrous bay,
The peerless queen of stage-eyed wenches,
Her steady eye nor winks nor blenches,
While thine and mine, in total night,
Are shrouded by excessive light.
In utmost need—my gentle steed,
Who then thy silken rein shall lead?
Fair Truth shall guide thy silken rein,
And bring us back to earth again.

Then goodly Pegasus draw near,—
Thy back without one thought of fear,
My fortunes I will mount upon,
Nor dread thy fate Bellerophon.
For should a gadfly dare assail,
We’ll lash him with thy thund’ring tail,

Just like Dan Cowley's Sire of evil,
And send him bloodless to the devil.
I see him now the jolly rover,
Bounding through ethereal clover;
I hear him say with gentle neigh,
"St. Denis I am thine for ay;"
Then we'll not flag, my brobdignag
I 'th chase of rare poetic stag—
I'll back thee till the sport is over,
And then restore thee to thy clover.

Poor Ned lamented want of cash,
And yet, says he, "I fain would dash."—
This folly who would dare to blame
Perhaps has done the very same.
"But then I know full well," says Teddy,
"This can't be done without the ready.
"What must I do? How shall I turn?
"My fingers itch, my palm does burn;
"This stupid head! ('tis vain to knock it)
"Is just as empty as my pocket."
His wits were fairly in the socket—
When luckily he had a thought,
The first and last he ever caught:
And that he borrow'd at a corner
From deity who knows no scorner.
For sated now with beauty's eye,
Perchance he threw his own on high:
When lo he saw a figure new,
'Twas so to him, tho' so to few,
A female figure gaily drest,
A bandage round her eyelids prest—

A nymph-like form of lovely feature,
In truth a dear attractive creature.
Her little foot with silver heel,
She rested on a spinning-wheel;
Which means no doubt she spins the thread
Of every mortal 'till he's dead:
Or else it may more deep denote,
Man should not on such beauty doat,
From flow'r to flow'r too fond of strolling
Just like the gaudy thing she's rolling.

Be this as't may, I cannot say,
But sure I am it caught one jay,
And more perhaps that very day.
The use no doubt of so much colour
Where simple language would be fuller.
To catch the smiles of this gay thing,
Whole nations are a-clamouring.
From all the round sub-jacent ground
Their mouths send forth apparent sound:
I trust at least the voices fiction,
For were they real English diction,
These bawlers to their cost would find,
The Goddess deaf as well as blind.
Or else celestial pericranium
Must differ much in its tympanum,
For sure I am no ear below
Could long resist so rude a blow.

Should quills be scarce in time of war
You may have plenty from a daw:
So thinking men good morals draw,

From things, no weightier than a straw.
Perhaps the cunning painter meant,
By such a plenteous muniment
Of speaking's simplest rudiment,
That most petitions heavenward sent,
Miscarry ere they well have vent;
Or "All's not had that's duly sent;"
Or "Great is the cry but little wool;"
Or "The less she stirs the more you pull;"
Or some such trite and common saying,
Idly upon our senses playing.
But though the maid can scarcely hear,
Or hearing, scarce believe one pray'r,
As few she knows from vice are free,
She pays them all in folly's fee.

She sends to one a potent crown
Which fairly knocks the caitif down;
Another wears it in his stead,
But finds it will not cure his head.—
To one who sadly wants a friend,
She sends down riches without end,
He buys and begs and gains a plenty;
They say at least full five-and-twenty.
Another turn rolls wealth away;
His want returns the self same day.—
To one she gives such bright ideas
He ev'ry tangled subject clears;
Troubled waters to his mind appear,
Like pendent ice or falling tear;
But vain the gift—some fond delusion
Turns all this order to confusion.—

"A war I want—I beg—I beg"—
The Goddess hears—he wants a leg.
Peace now he thinks had better sted.
It comes——He surfeits in his bed.——

She moulds one babe while yet 'tis warm
And breathes upon its inward form;
Iv'ry members, cherubic face—
Fit tenements of mental grace—
Within a year's contracted space,
Some dire disease, and slight contusion
Makes in and out one sad confusion.—
A mother long did pray'r employ
She would befriend her little boy:
Though somewhat old, she took the mould
And breath'd—alas the clay was cold;
It would not take the fine alloy.
That form is but a lovely toy!
Too soon I fear his accents wild,
Will shew the world an ideot child.—

There's one cries "Goddess give us battle,'
"I long to hear the cannons rattle;
"I'd rather lose my precious life,
"Than not to flesh this maiden knife."
She hears, and sends the trying hour:
We firmly press the hostile pow'r—
Victory for a while does low'r—
Then to the gallant eagle cow'r.
No voice, nor records e'er shall tell
Of many a one that day who fell:

Nay he who reaps the glorious plains
And all the bloody harvest gains,
Must pay it with a world of pains—
What trophy for our youth remains?
Oh great! Oh great!—War has its charms,
He gains—a loss of both his arms;
Now warrior-like calls out for alms.

"My fair-one dies," a lover cries,
"Oh goddess save those beauteous eyes."
"Be comforted," the nurse replies,
"The less that's said the sooner mended;
"The lawyer tells me will's amended,
"And all is left to her intended."—
"The Goddess, sir,"—"Pray let her wait—
"She always comes too soon or late."
Poor girl, she dies—a milder fate
Than to have wedded this ingrate.
But he who makes himself too sure,
Will long complain that he is poor;
The lawyer told a lie that day,
For fortune went another way.

She sends to one a code of laws—
He's busied picking out the flaws.—
"I want—I want—a novel thought,
"Was ne'er before by genius taught."
'Tis vain to scratch with both your paws,
You might as well pick hips and haws,
She'll send you nothing but old saws.
A maiden tir'd of living 'lone
Desires she'll make of two but one.

The Goddess grants her modest wishes,
And now in spite of pshaws and pishes
Her husband makes her wash the dishes.

"A china-service for tea-table
"Pray send me Goddess if you'r able,"
Plate, dish and cup and coffee-can
Are now aboard the Indiaman.
"I'll send them back—they'r not Japan."
A charming set of mantle crocks
Were pack'd within the self-same box—
"Such careless dogs, who ever saw,
"There's not a piece but has a flaw."—
A man had been in Babelmandel,
From Horn had sail'd to Coromandel,
And ev'ry where did honest handle.
With labour great and bold endeavour,
He many dang'rous shoals did weather;
At length returning with his treasure,
He pray'd, "O grant one favour more,
"I may behold my native shore."
She hears, for now the topmast hand
Cries, "Land a-head—O! land—O! land!"
He sees—but wreck'd upon the strand,
His body's wash'd upon the shore,
Which first its infant impress bore.

Such thoughts as these, nay many more,
Wiser indeed if such you need,
The thinking man who runs may read.
The silly man may buy a ticket
Perhaps 'twill open reason's wicket.

The lucky are accounted wise,
And so they are—in folly's eyes,
Who nought but fortune deifies.
And yet so long frail man is man
These 'ticing shows are not the plan.
She seems to give to all who ask
Without imposing labour's task—
The idle as the busy bask
Alike i'th sunshine of her mask.
Indeed such oral demonstration,
Suspended in each public station,
Sheds poppy dew o'er half the nation.
The artist stops—and stops—and thinks
Of how another eats and drinks;
His open face instinctive yawning
At sight of such a drowsy awning,
He dreams of nought but pawning—pawning.

This zigzag sally once detected,
We court the theme so long neglected.
From such a het'rogene collection
Poor Edward drew no wise reflection,
He was not made for deep detection.
The shining bubble gaily swims,
As gaily he from surface skims;
And as he looks with longing eyes
And folded arms, a lounger cries,
“ A lottery ! each lad of spirit
“ Has got some shares or tickets in it.”
“ I'll have one too as well as you
“ Or else,” says Ned, “ the Devil's in it.”

Now strait he seeks those Christian jews
Who monied wants can ne'er refuse;
And sells his watch and snuff box too,
And other trinkets not a few;
He keeps indeed the golden chain,
And for his dust buys box more plain,
In hopes they may come back again.
To make assurance doubly sure,
Like one who would a surfeit cure,
To make more fat he makes more poor.
And now with grave important look
He empties out his pocket book,
And many numbers odd he took.
Were they bought at Hall of State,
Of brother Simkins, or of Waite,
Th' impartial Muse will not relate.

Should you or I such bus'ness try,
And distant chance with ready buy;
Chance 'tis we should have cause to sigh.
For luck at best I am afraid,
You'd find it but a sorry trade,
A trusting such a fickle-jade—
Her dear delight to make a tool
Of one from folly's crowded school,
In dalliance with her rapt'rous fool.
But if perchance she pay a visit
To any man of real merit,
As once she did to ———
The sooner she forget the act,
Where wisdom was by fortune back'd,
The better——Danger is she'll turn

From sweet to sour like cream i'th' churn,
And her exotic fav'rite spurn.

Ned's pocket-book well stuft we see—
Well lined at least in limine:
His very memory's encumber'd,
By numbers upon numbers lumber'd.
At length he is a man of figure;
No Irish giant e'er felt bigger.
A man of Thousands now is he,
If paper Thousands, Thousands be.
No more a man of no account
His fortune may in time amount—
Amount——it baffles calculation,
Out strips the pow'r of numeration—
Like dream of Cardinalick station,
It only waits realization.

No more he goes in well brush'd clothes,
And boots as black as winter sloes.
No more the well reapt chin displays
The neatness of diurnal ways;
He scorns to touch a dirty shaver,
He cannot bear lixivious flavour,
Truth is, a Jew has got his razor.
And as for cash, "Can you keep vapour
"Howe'er envelop't in brown paper."
"Friend Lather I declare 'tis strange!
"I really have forgot the change.
"I think I must have chang'd my clothes."
Says Lather, "Then for once this goes—

"Without the cash, the gemmen knows,
"I never takes them by the nose."

The plenteous stubble on his face
Secures him now from such disgrace;
At least you'd see the rising blushes,
Like red bird hiding 'midst the rushes.
But soon his wintry discontent is o'er,
Of duns and barbers he'll complain no more—
The wheel has nearly gone the round
Which is to lift him off the ground.
The muse forbids me to relate
The horrors of impending fate;
Suffice to say the trouble's great.

The goddess now i'th usual way
Proclaims another public day.
Edward and the rest are ready—
At her footstool steady—steady.
The magic wheel goes round and round,
'The broken fragments strew the ground,
And blank! and blank! the walls resound
At last a lucky number's found;
Th' attendant Spirits careful look—
Proclaim a prize of one whole book,
'Twas number;—ought—no matter what—
For lucky Ned the prize has got.

I've heard it said, when Fortune show'rs,
Why all at once she pours—she pours—
And so she did in case before us.

Spite of seventh sons and seventh daughters,
Of forked sticks and filtre waters—
Of bible-pricking—wondrous dreams
And suchlike sure prophetic gleams—
Of bandy legs—Alexandrine noses,
Or lucky names as that of Moses—
Of numbers deep a magick spell,
Which make up nine howe'er you tell—
And all the list of deep devices,
Which Fortune and her fools entices—
By strength of faith—of judgment small,
Poor Teddy now outstrips them all:
The goddess did not leave the hall,
Till that same book which Ned did take,
Did thrice ten thousand pris'ners make.
'Twas great! 'Twas great! this change of fate
From nothing to a grand estate!
Kind Fortune or her chief Intendant,
Ne'er sat enthroned more resplendent.

'Twas once believed, nay no one doubted,
Though wiser now such thoughts are scouted,
That numbers form'd by rule of art,
Could more than human strength impart.
Could shake the Moon within her track;
Nay fairly call the lady back—
Could stop the springs where'er a bursting,
And make Earth pale by dint of thirsting—
Could change the fire unto a flood,
Should nourish, not consume the wood.—
Make horned snail outstrip a racer,
Or break Brad'mante to a pacer.

Could make of rotten bones a mould
Which fill'd with silver button cold,
When heated turns it all to gold.—
Repeated o'er the line we know
They caught a mermaid ev'ry throw—
Then straight could take as many fishes,
Already serv'd in golden dishes—
On griffin legs these dishes walk—
No sooner order'd than they stalk!
Another wondrous reformation,
To save the charge of transportation:
Like yonder party colour'd bow
They follow wheresoe'er you go.

They bid a swelling river stand,
It stops—but dont o'erflow the land—
They bid it now resume its course—
The mills betray no change of force.
Emeralds of the liveliest green,
Fit ornaments for England's Queen,
Which yet no joualler hath seen;
Nor e'er did feel, the grinding steel
Of lapidar's subduing wheel,
On beauty's ear they pendant place,
As leaves the tender lily grace;
Or on her russet slipper throw
A rose of diamonds all a glow,'
Which came from nought like mistletoe—
" Our lady's pale—what can avail?
" The Nun she says a slimy snail."
Strange Medicine for a thing so frail!

And yet by aid of incantation,
They change her lips unto carnation.—

Could hang aloft in air suspended,
A guerdon for the brave intended,
A well wrought massy hammer'd shield,
Diff'ring in each different field,
With legend upon either margent
The one side *Or* the other *argent*.
And now two Knights come pricking on,
And now they stop the shield to con,
And read reverses on the margent,
"This shield is Or"—"This shield is argent."
"You lie," "you lie," they both reply—
"Sir chevalier I you defy."
"You spoted traitor, so do I"—
And now they join in dreadful battle,
The cuisses and the morions rattle,
Nor spare themselves nor yet their cattle.
Many a piece of iron batter'd,
Idly o'er the field is scatter'd.
From side to side they often change
And ride a-part for sake of range.
At last before he joins career,
Says one, "There's some mistake I fear,
"I said 'twas argent, now 'tis Or,
"Then pray, sir Knight, what fight we for."
"Sir Knight," the other quick repli'd,
"As traitor I have been defi'd,
"The trait'rous challenge have deni'd;
"The issues join'd and must be tri'd."

Again in bold career they ride,
And fight as well on either side.

I think I've read in some old book,
The buckler which these fools mistook
On each reverse was silver bright,
Reflecting back a diff'rent light;
On th' Eastern side Aurora shone,
Upon the West the fading Moon.—

They'll change a Miller to a ghost
Shall frighten half an armed host—
And yet a stump by dubious light,
(Returning full of ale one night)
Did make that same redoubted miller
Throw away the ill-got siller.—
Numbers indeed have pow'r to please—
Numbers indeed our pains may ease—
Those for pleasure—these for fees.
Sportive figures may delight us—
Hideous figures may affright us—
The good alone can quite requite us.
Scott's magick verses who rehearses
May touch the gold of many purses;
But he who writes like you or I
Will see them put those purses by.—

To count much more the pow'r of numbers
Would be like forcing our cucumbers,
Shrivel'd things devoid of flavour,
By no means worth so great a favour;

For after all is said and done
No number is like number *one*.

If true or not these wild vagaries—
Perform'd or not by aid of Fairies,
May never in this life be known,
But still remain contention's bone:
As for myself I ne'er believ'd,
I thought the world was sore deceiv'd;
'Till now their credit is retriev'd.
For since I've seen outnumber'd Teddy,
My faith stands like a mountain steady.
I could believe the Moon of cheese,
A rat might eat it up with ease;
Or any blood besprinkled tale,
Which makes our banish'd children pale;
Condemned to hear in attick story,
From toothless mouth of beldame hoary.

In truth they were too much for Ned.
He falls—they bear him to his bed—
Recov'ring now from out his swoon,
He chanc'd to see the full orb'd Moon;
He kiss'd his hand with words a few—
Perhaps my fair he thought 'twas you.
And now the wanderer hides her face,
Passing beneath a clouded space;
Poor Ned depriv'd of inspiration,
Lies down in seeming resignation.

The Doctor comes and hums—and hums—
Now cross'd his legs, then twirl'd his thumbs,
'Till out orac'lar verdict comes.

" A vesicatic cataplasm,
" To serve by way of antispasm,
" Must careful o'er his head be spread,
" But first it must be tonsored—
" This ancient practice I revive,
" I find it keeps my wits alive.——
" And since he is somewhat phlegmatick,
" And we are dubious as to th' attick,
" Apply a little burning wax,
" Unto the patient's naked thorax;
" There's hope if he but feel it prick"—
" How shall we know ?"—" 'Twill make him kick.
" The flies may suck for one whole day,
" And then succeeds a cap of clay,
" With pounded ice i'th' usual way—
" The learned this did Nature show,
" When summer heat is cooled by snow.—
" To take it off should patient dare,
" You'll put him in the tranquil chair:"
Says Nurse, " I wish we had him there,
" 'Twill be a job for two I fear."
" No cause of fear," replies the Seer,
" So long we have the conq'ror here."
Displaying in a case shagreen,
Of lancets two, the frightful mien.

He kept his eye upon the door,
And nearer draws by one step more;
Then gently seats him on the bed,
And cautious feels the patient's head.
" 'Tis calorific—must be bled—
" He's comatose—'twould kill him dead.

" Thank God we have one index more;
" Give me his arm—one—two—three—four.
" Dry, and hard, and isochronic;
" Again, 'tis languid—diaphonic.
" This case demands some slight reflection—
" I doubt—I doubt of venesection—
" And yet when ale or beer o'erflow,
" We tap the barrel quick below;
" It then subsides—subsides you know.
" The brains distres't—pineal prest—
" I dread a vertigo at best.
" Such ills by bleeding are redres't—
" The humours are corrupt—cachectick—
" Pulmonic region stuft—ap'plectick.
" Disease is one"—" You lie, you lie"—
T' impatient patient loud does cry,
" Disease was one, your roguish crew,
" Of ev'ry one has made out two:
" If I am mad, faith, so are you,
" And so you are, you ugly jew.—
" Begone, be scarce, thrice learned Rabbi,
" Purring Hebrew like a Tabby;
" I'd rather learn ten lines of Greek,
" Than hear that walking Babel speak.
" I hate such vile Egyptian physick,
" It gives a hearty man the phtisick.
" If turn I must to dust—a dust,
" I'll not travel in a Mummy's crust,
" For should I chance to meet my mother
" She'd take me for Belshazzer's brother.
" If I must have some vile inscription,
" It shall be of my own prescription.—

"Give him a ticket—must be blank—.
"The prizes mine, kind fortune thank;
"And let him write what I indite;
"Or pay him, to keep out of sight—
"Of juice which Mandragore distils,
"Or better yet laudanum pills,
"I'll take by way of anodyne"—.
Says nurse, "How many?" "That number mine,
"Just ninety-nine hundred ninety-nine."

His lancet now the Doctor shews,
Within an inch of patient's nose,
Who quickly hides beneath the clothes.
The seer proceeds.—"Pia Mater free,
"By dint of copious Phlebotomy,
"We next assail th' inferior region,
"And carry there the doubtful siege on.
"And first throw in a strong cathartick,
"From Pole a rattling to th' Antarctick—
"For 'tis a fundamental rule,
"Our pedagogues have taught at school,
"To cure the head we ply the stool.
"And lest some crass i'th colon do stick,
"From thence assail the epigastrick"—.

Doctor enough—no genius able
To make thy physick palatable;
I know not when again we shall
Deal out such trash galenical;
Ill suits it our romantic fable,
To mix a dose or read the label—
We leave them on the sick man's table.

By dint of bleeding, purging, sweating,
Much native strength the cure abetting,
Poor Ned is on his legs again,
To follow still in Fortune's train;
And as he grateful waits upon her,
She is his faithful almoner,
Pouring from out her monied store—
The more he wants, she gives the more.
But doubtful 'tis to any wizard,
How long 'twill stick within his gizzard.

THE LOTTERY.

PART II.

THREE ancient maids, the Poet feigns,
Of human life do guide the reins;
And one of these so full of spite
She cannot bear the word *unite*;
She'd rather you should die outright,
If chance your quipos to divide,
Than suffer it to be retied—
Indeed 'tis said she often cuts it,
But ne'er again together puts it.
Slighted perhaps for some demerit,
The Poet surely risks his credit,
When thus he makes the beauteous sex,
No better than a carnifex;
Killing with those very sheers,
She for a gentler purpose wears.

'Tis true we hear in am'rous stile,
When lovers do their woes beguile,
Of women of such striking features,
They prostrate soon their suppliant creatures;
And sometimes read in old romances,

Of killing smiles and fatal glances,
More dreaded than Orlando's lance is.
Such themes as these rehearse not I;
I've seen th'impassion'd closing eye,
I've heard the name commingling sigh,
When none but lover and beloved were nigh.
Soon as the dear mysterious night,
Had curtained o'er the envious light,
When vernal airs to love invite,
I've told a tale was well believ'd;
Have plighted faith and faith receiv'd,
Feeding on all those rapt'rous blisses,
Which youth inhales from maiden kisses,
'Till through the trees a feeble dawning
To part us gave reluctant warning.
What though I am now some years older,
And ev'ry year grown colder, colder;
What though my lips no longer meet,
The partial kiss with kiss as sweet,
I never will a recreant prove,
To joyous woman child of love.

The sex's full exub'rant beauty,
Well form'd for soft maternal duty,
I rather to the thought incline,
Nature did express design,
(Contrasting active with supine,)
That death-devoted race to save,
Man's vices hurry to the grave.
And hence I judge those brimstone witches,
Who spin indeed but set no stitches—
Are well entitled to the breeches—

They may be seen on Charon's jigger,
His crew a swelling bigger bigger,
A Lawyer, Doctor, and Grave-digger,—
The first is of Cerberian cast;
He troubles future, present, past;
Prepares you for the fatal cast,
The Doctor gives you at the last;
Then comes the third and makes all fast—
And ev'ry one's estate does fix,
In simple fee—Two feet by six.

Poor Ned of late did give to men,
Of healing art a specimen;
The course of law now stands confest,
Quod sæpe perpetrandum est.
Ther's one does sue "quod est infractum;"
The other pleads "quod non est factum;"
And though the lawyer wish'd it more,
The damages are laid at Four.
Be it thousands, be it more
We shall state it just at Four.
"Four what? Four what?" I hear thee sot;
But farther witness sayeth not—
No greater vantage would be got.

And now the court is call'd, oyez,
And judges, jurors, jockies press;
In truth an ollapodrid mess!
"Now silence call, to hush the hall"—
To make all still the criers bawl.
Are you ready—at the book—
And every one the oath has took.

And now a man of brazen face,
Does open well the dubious case;
The cause of action does explain,
And well that action does maintain.
And though he often dips in Fuller;
He chiefly rests on justice Buller;
No case was ever made out fuller,
Divides the law to make it plain,
Then puts it fairly to again;
Then sums the whole, 'tis this no more,
That two and two just make up four.

Defendant's counsel next arose,
First clear'd his throat and then his nose;
And when his posture well was drest,
Th' attentive jury thus address'd.
"My Brother of the brazen face,
"Who just now did resume his place,
"Has made the most of a bad case.
"My worthy friends upon the jury,
"He has made out a pretty story,
"Well calcu*late* to work on you;
"But luckily it is not true.
"Not that I think he would deceive;
"We only state what we believe.
"There's no dispute about the fact;
"The undertaking is well back't,
"The quantum only is denied—
"The damage is what must be tried.
"And that I may no longer teaze ye,
"I'll just refer him unto Veazy,
"Where he will find, if not quite blind,
"Page sixty, Padget versus Hind,

" That in a case like one before us,
" It was decreed by Justice Boreus,
" By rule of law then very old
" That one in four must not be told :
" Therefore 'tis plain as plain can be
" That two and two in law make three,
" Though different 'tis in Equity!
The silent bar does now await
Th' opinion which the Court does state
Pregnant with the Suitor's fate.
"The learned counsel at the bar,
" Have labour'd hard and travel'd far,
" Much learning did they both unfold—
" Many a pert'nant case unrol'd ;
" But after all we think 'tis plainer,
" To be found in Report Rainor ;
" Where on a question of revision
" They did reverse the last decision ;
" Adjudging that by legal fiction,
" Howe'er it sound in vulgar diction,
" Just Two and Two should make up Five;
" For plaintiff therefore Jury give ;
" But since he has but laid at Four
" The verdict is for that, no more,
" Unless he choose to suffer nonsuit
" And then again reinstitute."
The lawyer does persuade him to 't—
So now again to court it goes,
And when 't will end—why no one knows.

Now let me tell thee youthful reader,
The Muse is here thy special pleader ;

Why does she weave the varied garment
Like to that with recent blood besprent
The Brethren to the Patriarch sent?
Why fictions borrow or invent?
Surely she has some good intent?
The subject she does gaily press on
To give to you a useful lesson.
'Tis not herself on wisdom pluming,
She ventures to be thus presuming.
Oft has she err'd, as oft aver'd
She would be wise—and still defer'd
By selfsame indolence deter'd.—
And though she own kind providence
Has parried much deserv'd offence,
Blunting the edge of *consequence*,
Full oftener with nose on ground
It follows like sagacious hound,
'Til hapless, heedless, victim's found.
They jest at scars who feel no wound!—
But who comes bloody from the fray,
May caution give to stay away.
You err to day—Five lustrums hence
You scarcely know from whom or whence,
You reap the harvest of offence.
For early fault time's no defence—
Do we not see the infant's skaith
In scars upon an aged face?
You sin i'th' morning of your years;
Your grey head drops repentant tears.
No promise make you may not keep,
Wade not in where water's deep,
Hang not careless o'er a steep,

Run not when you ought to creep,
In arms polluted never sleep,—
You'll still have cause enough to weep.
A monkish legend now I'll give,
You may remember while you live.
“ Si recens testa est imbuta,
“ Non facil testa est abluta.”
If lit'ral version be neglected,
The meaning may be thus collected;
“ Your wardrobe once with musk infected:
“ For years the perfume is detected.”

Dispatched well the major two,
My sexton we must turn to you.
With elbow cas'd and apron green,
Perhaps he has a gard'ner been;
At least the symbols of his trade,
Like gard'ner's tools are always made,
If we except the iron sounder,
Which may be call'd a coffin-pounder;
And shews how much his calling be,
Above the last in dignity.
With this aslant upon his shoulder,
He marches onward bolder, bolder,
Though ev'ry day some corpses older:
And when much company's expected,
His garden must be well inspected:
And now he taps the mould'ring earth,
To find for narrow-house a birth,
And does his work with easy mirth;
Whistling aloud some idle lay,
While others in the Church do pray,

In peace those very bones may rest,
This probing rascal does molest.
And all around the hollow ground,
Sends forth a sad sepulchral sound;
For oft the coffin lid of oak
Too hard is to be easy broke,
And then as parent clay had spoke,
It cries i'th busy ear of man,
The meaning to an ideot plain,
" My tenant ne'er shall speak again."
He heeds it not the harden'd sot,
But careless says, " How slow they rot!
" I really must prevail on joiner,
" To make his body-cases thinner."

At length beneath a leaden spout,
A rude neglected humid spot,
This aged mar'ner soundings got;
Just where a buttress of the Church,
Does make an angle with the porch.
The pick-axe, shovel, and the spade,
In order on the ground are laid;
And first he takes the trenchant blade,
And clears the noxious verdure rank,
And many a moss-grown fragment dank,
To make a surface smooth and blank;
Then lays him off with notched stave
A well proportion'd seemly grave.

These prudent preparations made
(For mystery's in every trade)
He rests a while upon his spade—

And now across his careless mien,
A little cloud of thought is seen;
Like smiles and frowns together meeting
On monkey's face to cage retreating.
Say's he, "A sorry, sorry place
"For christian soul to rest in grace.
"It can't be help'd—a grave's a grave
"And many a one a worse may have—
"Certes I must keep the better places
"For their reverences and graces;
"They do not like to wet their feet
"But fain would have a snug retreat.
"For custom's sake I such must show;
"They little think what is below!
"But once their passing-bell a going,
"Not one of them so deused knowing
"Can tell where his own body's stowing.

And now a graver task to press
He 'gins his carcase to undress;
So many gillies off he throws,
They may be call'd his body-clothes;
For when the whole are fairly dofft,
Death's self did at his servant scoff,
And call'd him his own mortal brother,
Their sire the same by different mother.
No sooner does he earth trepan
Than at his side stands Bony-man,
On tombstone tracing out a plan,
To surintend new excavation,
And regulate his rich plantation.

And now he labours at his calling,
'Till drops of sweat from brow are falling;
And works, and works with little pause,
And zeal befitting nobler cause.
And as aloft the spade he flings,
With nasal twang this ditty sings.

I.

In Devonshire, there was a friar,
Who lov'd a lady fair,
No damoisel, old rubricks tell
Could with the Dame compare.

II.

A lovely quene, sweet seventeen,
Her limbs well form'd a'plenty;
The full dark een, th' expressive mien,
Proclaim'd her almost twenty.

III.

It touches so, that bosom's snow,
Those lips, oh how inviting;
That brow so sweet, those tiny feet,
Alas are too delighting!

IV.

'Twas vain, to look in Missal-book,
On martyr's figure sainted,

No martyr there, but maiden fair,
By passion truly painted.

V.

Her thoughts to sift, by oral shrift,
Was all his earthly care;
Slight penance give, that he might shrive
Again the lovely fair.

VI.

When mention's made of suitor blade
He turns as ashes pale;
How pleas'd is he, to find that she,
Di'd slight the am'rous tale!

VII.

A mandate's sent, from his convent
To go to Holy Rome;
He cannot stay, he must obey,
And leave the fair at home.

VIII.

He dare 'nt reveal, what he does feel,
But says, while tears are starting,
"All things above, beware of love,"
And kiss'd her forehead parting.

IX.

St Michael smil'd, on duty's child,
  He sav'd the Pontiff's life;
From vows absolv'd he is resolv'd,
  To make the fair his wife.

X.

With anxious thought, now home he sought;
  Too long he fear'd he'd tarried,
With smiles the fair, receiv'd him there,
  And then, they intermarri'd.

The song at end, there's no *amen*,
He sings it o'er and o'er again.—
At length his head is seen to peep
Just out the deep sepulchral deep;
Like cauliflow'r in garden growing,
Or cabbage after 't has been snowing.

  'Tis eventide—and all at once,
Some drops do fall upon his sconce;
Which from that self-same gutter spout
I said before was thereabout;
When this soliloquy broke out.—
" I hope it will not rain to-morrow,
" There'll be more drops, than there'll be sorrow!
" Th'old lady little has bethought her
" She'd travel both by land and water;
" Chance 'tis she'll go most swimmingly,
" Although she started so unwillingly.

" If we believe her maid's relation
" She wanted some adulteration;
" Delighting too much in the creature,
" It lighted up one ugly feature;
" She had more rubies on her nose,
" Than I have corns upon my toes.—
" In Water is regeneration,
" It is the body's preservation.—
" I'll make a mark against the wall,
" Too soon again I must not call.

The Sexton of a certain village
Long carried on nefarious pillage,
Unheard of sacrilegious tillage;
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
He stript of all their winding camlet.
Their children too to pity dear—
He bared their limbs so smooth and fair,
And rob'd young women of their hair.
Strange lights were seen, strange noises hear'd,
And visions too, as some aver'd,
Who nightly pass'd along the yard.
That such took place, may be infer'd,
Whene'er the rascal disinter'd.

By driving on this double trade
He had a neat peculium made—
Could both receive and pay good fees:
Could live indeed quite at his ease.
" Tant va la petite cruche a l'eau,"
At length it gets a fatal blow:
In time our Sexton found it so,

For now a man of wond'rous stature
Did chance to pay the debt of nature;
Of Surgeons-hall the youthful fry
Had mark'd him as he passed by,
And treasur'd up within their eye:
They long'd to see his length of bone
Displayed in a skeleton:
Had living mark'd him for their own:
No sooner was his death announc'd
Than on the ready com'rants pounc'd.

The man of resurrection hamper,
Did cautious with our Sexton tamper;
But found him unexpected willing,
To sell the body for a shilling;
Provided he might have the treasure
Of winding sheet unheard of measure.
Bargins we know are quickly made
By men who understand their trade.
It only now remain'd to take
Some measures for precaution's sake,
And lest the man the spot should miss
They finally agree on this;
The Sexton is to mark the grave,
By sticking in an ozier stave.

Defunct's inhum'd i'th usual way;
Nor long around the mourners stay;
The Sexton dresses up the clay:
Leaves sign agreed, and goes his way.
A truant boy did chance to stray
Across the graves that very day,

And finding there an ozier stick
He borrow'd it—a boyish trick.

To western Isles the day is gone
And night ascends her ebon throne!
Now earth draws on her monkish cowl,
On passing men night felons scowl,
The foxes and the wolves do prowl;
From distant hills I hear them howl.
When these the ear do not assail,
How dread a silence does prevail!
I hear the footfall of a snail,
I hear the thrasher's little flail,
I hear the earthworm rooting, rooting,
I hear the rank weeds upward shooting,
I hear the field mouse smooth her bed,
I hear the earth mole raise his head.
The bats around are flying, flying—
The wind through broken casements sighing.
Silence now resigns her reign,
To let the boding owl complain,
Who nighty from engrailed tow'r,
Does rude assail thy gentle pow'r,
Fit musick for the solemn hour!—
The spirits from the battlement
Echo back the loud lament,
Earth bound ghosts have upward sent,
And bid them straight, repent, repent.

What flame is that plays o'er the tomb?
It rises now and glowrs for room,
Wand'ring on like one at sea is lost
And on retiring billows tost.—

And now it coasts the wall, now scales,
And slowly up the turret sails;
The utmost summit next a spires,
There lights awhile funer eal fires,
Then faintly glimmering quite expires.

Where human wr eck does much abound
And mould'ring fragments strew the ground,
A well formed oval scull is found;
Two glow worms nestling in the sockets
Like ducats in a miser's pockets,
Do imitate with feeble glare
Pellucid drops which once were there!
A splinter 'twixt the teeth does stick,
To fancy's eye those teeth does pick;
Affecting negligent derision,
Of wond'rous beauty's dire transition,
From what was once its gay condition—

Th' atmosphere is clammy, foul, and thick,
My clothes do to my body stick—
I' ll seek a shelter from the dew,
Where cypress mingles with the yew.
My very footsteps as I walk
Of souls departed seem to talk.
Surely one does after follow;
I hear his footfall—hollow—hollow—
Again he seems to go before
And wait me at the chanceldoor;
My thoughts are full of gloomy care
Engender'd by sepulchral air;
Again I'll seek my home so fair,
No horrid thoughts molest me there.—

At such a solem hour as this,
The body felon nought remiss,
Did seek the tall-man's narrow cell,
But could not find the signal well.
At length upon adjacent grave
Where grew no moss, no grass did wave,
He finds a little whitened stave.
That very day with tender care,
To bloom above departed fair,
Her lov'd a rose tree planted there:
Vain care! A sheep had stript it bare.—
Though full two feet the beauteous daughter
Is than the tall-man's body shorter,
The guilty wretch so dreads detection
He has no time to make reflection;
But quick the coffin disinters,
And off upon his shoulder bears.

Not so the youth; they calm survey
On trussels plac'd the house of clay,
With all its tarnish'd pageantry—
Too late they wish that rest resum'd
From which it had been disinhum'd.
Vain is the effort to be gay;
They shudder with no slight dismay.—
'Tis plain to all, that some mistake
The resurrection man did make;
None for a while would silence break:
At length says one determin'd rake,
"This fistule has no peleton,
"Fit for a giant skeleton;

" So small if plac'd a pedal on,
" 'Twould make a neat automaton—
" Besides I think the rogue's been peeping,
" Or subject had in holy keeping—
" Give me the axe, I soon will see,
" What's treasur'd in this cemetry.—

With scarce a touch the bosses yield
Though plain they once were better seal'd,
A female form to sight's revealed!
Her snowy limbs as nature bare,
Shorn even of her flowing hair;
Upon her visage sleeps the fair!
True to the feelings of the heart,
Each idle thought does quick depart—
The bosom heaves! the tears do start!—
With ready care and decent haste,
The coffin lid is strait replac'd;
And covered with a milk-white pall,
Enshrined in sequester'd hall,
To wait a second funeral.

The noises now so often heard,
The visions seen as some aver'd
Are to the proper cause refer'd;
The man who's set to guard the apes.
Of right must answer for escapes.
The Sexton's caught that very night,
Attempting to put all things right;
Many a damning proof is found
Both in his house and under ground—

He's doom'd to suffer pain of knife,
And pays the forfeit of his life.

To dust gone down this man of sin,
Our weary courser we rein in;
And somewhat galled with episode,
On death's-horse Pegasean rode,
Slowly return to Ned's abode.—
At easy gait, we now relate
The sequel of poor Edward's fate.

We left him rising from sick-bed
Scarce able to lift up his head:
He look'd like one that had been buried,
And by our sexton disintered,
Just such a man, in woeful plight,
Drew Priam's curtain one dark night,
The herald of disastrous fight.
But having parted with the Doctor,
Of pois'nous drugs, the mad concoctor,
Avaunt disease!—A mind at ease,
With no one but himself to please,
Health soon begins his cheeks to paint,
And colour o'er their saffron taint.

Again he saunters in the walk,
And many bow and stop to talk.
The ladies bend in salutation,
And kiss their hands in gratulation.
The bucks, they cry, "Well how do Ned,
"I'm glad to see thee out of bed;
"I can perceive some alteration—"

'Tis plain enough there's some mutation—
You once did pass him unobservant,
And now are quite his humble servant.
Gold loves, as Horace justly says,
"Ire per medios satellites."
And adds resistless power to shew,
"Potentius ictu fulmineo."
No wonder then it works on these
Poor nurslings of our poplar trees.
His clothes again the brush do know,
Again his boots are black as sloe,
No more says lather "gemmen knows,"
But silent takes him by the nose;
Or whilst he straps or smooths the face,
He tells him with a serious grace,
Much news, that never did take place.

His taylor too, one Peter Cabby,
Who shun'd him when he got so shabby,
Now sees old friend a passing by
And labours hard to catch his eye;
At length succeeding makes his bow,
And humbly says "He's vex'd as how
"He'd been so very hard—but then
"He wanted *stuff* to pay his men;
"Besides his merchant had been pressing,
"And times uncommon were distressing,
"For now a-days Cash wont go far—
"And then his family"——et cetera—
Poor Ned who was grown wond'rous wise,
Since he had drawn so rich a prize,
Now in his turn did moralize;

"Friend Cabby what you say is true,
"The Devil himself must have his due;
"I never did refuse a dun—
"Unless perhaps I was hard run;
"I know it is the life of trade,
"For what we get you must be paid;
"So make no more excuses man,
"You'd do the very same again.
"But now there's change of circumstance,
"I can pay ready or advance;
"For clothes I need not send to France—
"Friend Cab, I know where you hang out,
"Perhaps I may step in-and-out.
"We shall be friends no doubt, no doubt."
Cabby, the cloth curtailing rogue,
Now getting somewhat out of vogue,
Was glad a customer offended,
To give him custom still intended.

Like steed who's fed on too rich diet,
Ned pass'd some days in foolish riot—
Hard work it was to keep him quiet.
But now accustomed to possession,
Advice did make its due impression.
To no one business ever used
To embark in any he refused,
And though he had some right good proffers,
He does deny each one that offers.
Gold's volatile as all confess,
To make it more we make it less,
And once exorcis'd like foul spirits,
How seldom it renews its visits!

Then what is paper? Why a kite,
Which ev'ry breath wafts out of sight.

There was a time when every miser,
Of God and man alike despiser,
Who sells for gold immortal health
To wallow in pernicious wealth,
Could verify his silver hoard,
And hears its musick on the board—
Could feel the weight of damning ore,
And cry aloud for more—for more—
To earth the pondrous dust consign,
And make an artificial mine;
Which some vile spendthrift after digs up,
When his old grandsire's earthly jig's up;
But Plutus now so light is grown,
His wealth has taken wings and flown;
Whereto we don't pretend to know—
But if We longer go on so,
A cent will be a rareeshow!
Th' old rascal now has lost his bags,
And fain to hug himself in rags,
Believes a tale as false as bold,
That broken promises can equal gold;
And in the place of real shiners,
Compounds for sheeting and bandanoes—
Inscrib'd 'tis true with words a few,
And words of weight if they were true;
But though alas, they promise cash,
That promise is mere balderdash;
Howe'er you fume, or fret, or pray,
'Tis "call again some other day;"
You might indeed 'till doomsday stay,
And then go pennyless away;

For well I wat, it can't be got,
Or gold or silver, where 'tis not.

"I can call spirits upward cousin"—
"So can I coz by the dozen;
"But will they come when We do call!
"Not a jot —— By'r holy Paul,
"If any sleep within the deep,
"Within the deep they choose to sleep.
"No more convinc'd my doughty cousin,
"Than I by wanton woman's buzzing;
"In at one ear, and out at t'other,
"A buss or two the voice to smother—
"Nor longer trust the tear fraught eye,
"But swing to horse, and so goodby.

Like that fam'd wizard Owen Glendou'r,
We have the will, but not the power;
He could as easy kill with curses
As empty promises replenish purses;
He is an artist most divine,
Gan money make of mere moon-shine;
And cut out planchets for the mint,
Of hydrocarbonate of lint.

So long bank note was valid token,
Of faith which never had been broken,
No sooner ask'd th' amount than told,
In Spanish silver or in gold,
'Twas money in compendious state,
Of equal value—lesser weight;

And answer'd many special uses,
Or ere 't was mar'd by such abuses.
A bird we can all times command,
May well be term'd a bird i'th hand,
But one we cannot catch at all,
With truth the bird i'th bush we call.—
Talk now to me no more! no more!
Of Gold coast or Peruvian shore,
Or streams which roll Pactolean ore;
A thund'ring paper-mill or two,
Is worth all Mexic and Peru,
And makes more money in a minute,
Than fam'd Potosi may have in it.

Rich —— now may sell his lands
And hold a million in his hands—
With ease his vast estates o'er look,
Arranged in his pocket-book.
But well I ween he does prefer,
The spreading oak and spiral fir,
The valley rich or upland broken,
To such a poor dishonour'd token.—
It were a vain attempt to blind,
The man who would be paid in kind,
And had sagacity to see,
The changes of futurity—
Well knowing grain of rye or wheaten,
Or any thing which may be eaten,
So long as hungry stomachs last
The futur'l value like the past.

A lady once had fortune made,
Or rather sav'd it by her trade;
And knowing gold is fond of starting,
Lest her's should be too quick departing,
She had adopted a wise rule,
Worth teaching in Plutonic school.
Unlike some higher rules profess'd
It was indeed probatum est.
Her gold, or change, or monied rag,
She safe deposits in a bag;
And then the mouth together brings,
By aid of some two leather strings;
As many knots does then betie her,
As once before did Obadiah;
Which made poor Slop rip out an oath,
Unfit for any Christian mouth.
Th' effect is plain to dullest sense,
For should a man want some odd pence,
Before she can well get them out,
He'll call again, or go without.

How diff'rent she of fashion's school!
Her Almoner's en reticule—
And when she dives to take it out,
Why none she finds—it has dropt out:
Then vain the language of complaint,
The broken piteous voice so faint,
Invoking aid by ev'ry Saint!—
"I cannot give.—I have no change."
"So fine and yet no money! strange!"—
"I would be gen'rous." Then you must,
Be saving, prudent, honest, just—

Beneath a strong and stony crust,
Nature guards that precious dust—
Which scatter'd widely o'er the fields,
The farmer plenteous harvests yields.
His garner's full of heartsome grain,
His barns can no more hay contain,
The num'rous stacks withouten tell,
How that prolifick dust does swell.
Copy well th' economy of nature—
'Tis God's cheap lesson to his creature,—
She ne'er assumes one single feature
Which may not teach the ablest teacher.
Her works are neither bound nor letter'd,
Nor yet with brazen clasps are fetter'd;
The ample pages wide unfold
Illuminations manifold
Of roseate velum edg'd with gold,
Inviting all to come, and read,
And study well her simple creed.——
"Proper study of mankind is man"
Th' apothegm is false, no being can
Measure reason by that reason's span.
Read Hume and Huchinson and Locke—
Read all the metaphisick stock;
'Tis idle care; some build in air,
While others do the wand prepare,
Dissolves the whole in ether rare——
Boon nature is a mine of knowledge,
The world at large the wise man's college;
Then fold her precepts to thy heart,
And chasten'd well by reason's art
You'l act the wiser virgin's part.

The story of the prudent Ant
Who treasures up for future want,
Contrasted with the gay grasshopper,
Who ne'er lays by a single copper,
As told in Gay's delightful fable,
Did open lie upon the table;
When aged friend of our young man
Did wisely for his welfare plan;
And found him in that happy cue,
To hear advice, and take it too.
Free from the presence of seduction,
He'd drank the nectar of instruction,
From wassel-cup of gay construction.

Something apart for past expences,
And for his present exigencies,
The rest to save from folly's shocks
Is now invested in the *stocks*;
Not plain unsophisticated blocks
Which feel the less the more one knocks.
Those like the clouds boon India's plains,
Distil their periodick rains;
Rewarding well for little toil
The listless tenant of the soil;
And though they have no power of moving,
Possess the one of self-improving.
Diff'ring in this from that vile snake
Which length'ning in its tortuous wake
The Trojan Laocoon did take,
So fashion'd is the public debt,
"Non mobilitate viget;"

The longer it at rest remains,
More plenteous are the holder's gains.

And yet experience detects,
Like penal stocks in some respects,
They have their good and bad effects;
For by this monstrous wooden legging,
A crippled nation's sent a begging.
Or if by imposts well supported
To pay them folks cannot be courted—
They are by penalties enforced.

Then follows on the law's enaction,
The usual quantum of infraction—
'Cause some to pay the tax neglect
The publican does more suspect;
That pow'r intended to protect
Is only busied to detect—
The nation swarms with greedy curs
Anxious to catch the forfeitures:
But spite of all that law can do,
The closest net some will slip thro';
What revenue secure can be,
Against the crime of perjury?
Th' enacters find they still are cheated;
Resolv'd no more to be defeated,
Proviso's on Proviso clapped,
'Till e'en the innocent's entrapped.
Then follow murmurings, discontent,
More subtle schemes to circumvent;
A balk is thrown at foot of action,
On industry a sad reaction;

The State's a prey to every faction;
So widely spreads the dire pollution,
It feels the throws of dissolution—
Then able men of every station,
Should rally round the suff'ring nation,
And save by wisdom's renovation,—
"Nil desperandum" is the motto,
For freedom's wild and woody grotto.

These prudent regulations made,
Far better than to have mix'd in trade,
Edward now from care is free
But feels concomitant ennuie,
The child of inactivity.
Invited by excess of leisure
He drinks the honey-dew of pleasure,
And cloys by overflowing measure.
The man who knows no good employment,
Can seldom taste of true enjoyment—
He sinks into a lethargy,—
From tiresome self would fain be free;
Then travels for variety,
And finds it——with satiety.

It was at this partic'lar crisis
A privateer they call'd the Isis,
Now homeward from the wharf appears,
And mann'd her yards and gave three cheers.—
A long successful cruise had made,
Had battered on the hostile trade,
And safe returning brings the wealth—
The well earn'd fruit of legal stealth.

Three richly laden ships she mann'd
Already are in sight of land,
And soon appear with Union down
In sight of that same gallant town,
Which once obey'd the British crown.
A striking instance here we see
Of human pow'rs caducity.
"What lucky dogs!" "What dashing fellows!"—
One idler to another bellows—
"I wish I had but bought a share,"—
Why then perhaps she'd not be there.
But carried in, or else been lost,
And you'd have bought it to your cost:
'Tis not each one can stand at quarters
Is fit to fish in troubled waters;
There is a sort of mackrel fry,
Which much delights in stormy sky;
They can the troubled surface keep,
On finny wing that surface sweep,
When larger fish must seek the deep.
They say, the De'el's kind to his own—
Flesh of his flesh—bone of his bone—
Dame Fortune too has paramours,
And only they taste her douceurs.
Then let each sev'ral person be,
Contented with his destiny:
There is to each some part assign'd;
Though not exactly to his mind,
He'll scarcely any fitter find.

The frequent sound of prize on prize,
And what the owners realize,

Touches a chord in Edward's ear,
Which vibrates hope devoid of fear,
And sober thoughts soon disappear.
Having a friend or two at Court,
Where all the knowing ones resort,
He's soon persuaded to sell out,
And follow in th' advant'rous rout.
A privateersman now is he,
And more than one has out at sea—
Be sure the chances as at Waite's,
Are broken into Quarters, Eighths—
And one a half, but she's a clipper,
No boat that's swimming can outstrip her;
And then the Brig, why she's a whaler,
The Water-witch cannot outsail her—
A frigate chas'd her off Cape Clear—
And then another off Cape Fear,
And though they clapt all rag upon,
In Five hours time they were hull-down:
One morn to windward, *John's* in view,
And close a-board before we knew;
To bear away, we find won't do—
We cross'd his forefoot, rounded-to—
Gave him long Tom, and then adieu.
And then to windward how they ply!
Nothing can touch them, let them try.
In fine, no vessel Edward had
But's all perfection, nothing bad.

No wonder then he made such hawls,
As all but lust of plunder palls;

He seems Dame Fortune to have fix'd,
And cur'd of all her gilting tricks;
On her part willing to stick by him,
And to the very bottom try him.
No blunder inexperience makes
His business or his credit shakes,
For profit follows his mistakes;
And though the trade but just a learning,
He out-earns ev'ry other's earning.
As once was said of Midas old,
Let him but touch it turns to gold;
Like Ajax' shield by Homer told,
His fortune now is manifold;
And like that Hero's clapperclawing
As much employed in destroying,
The hostile commerce sore annoying.

A man of such increasing treasure
Cannot be man of too much leisure,—
He scarcely e'er gets home to tea,
And if he does his mind's at sea,
Or any where —— but where is he.
Says Sister, " Edward how's your tea ?"
" Oh excellent it will bring *three.*"
Not knowing that his mind's at large,
She comes again unto the charge.
" Shall I give you some more sugar ?
" Was British out of Spanish lugger,
" Will be condemn'd—nothing snugger."
When will Henry be in from France ?
" The funds are out—cannot advance—
" Have not offer'd for insurance."—

"Surely you won't insure him brother?
"Oh no," says Ned, "I meant another."
"Can I venture across the Bay?
"The Fox dropt down at two this day."
"They say that Sally has been taken."
"I think not—she sav'd her bacon,
"I have myself three sixteenths in her,
"And shall be some odd thousands winner."
Sister displeas'd began to pout;
But Ned knew little what about;
So having swallow'd down his tea,
He went away and staid till three.

In counting-houses tho' well found,
(No less than three half under ground)—
This for business, that for state—
The other for—I know not what,
Should any wish our friend to meet,
They'd better seek him in the street.—
His trade of that extended kind,
Which cannot bear to be confined.
And then he has of Clerks one—two—
And faith they have too much to do.
First prune their nails—next mend a pen—
Then flourish make, and mend again,
Or take a drink, and crack a joke,
With feet uplifted as they smoke.

Our people are of humour strange!
'Tis true they once did build a 'Change,
But now 'tis built, no 'Change is there,
For be the weather foul or fair,
All bus'ness we transact in air;

Which shews a nature open, free,
Well form'd for hospitality;
In which respect our Baltimore
All other Cities ranks before.

Some folks with Fortune nought delighted,
Certes becauses themselves are slighted,
Have brought against her heavy charge,
On which they con amor enlarge;
" That past experience lost upon her,
" Her choice does still reflect dishonour;
" For their part they will never own her,
" From good men all her gifts reserving,
" She keeps them for the undeserving,—
" Your knaves and fools profusely serving.
This may be true or may be not;
Some don't deserve what they have got—
The rain descends on all alike
Who do their umbrellas strike;
The sun does shine on good and bad,
Makes one man merry, t'other sad:
Be not the fault to nature laid,
She has the best arrangement made,
Tho' human wisdom's traversed.
And grant that some too much have got,
That cannot hurt thee envious sot,
'T was not subducted from thy lot—
And sure there are some wealthy men,
Who well deserve as much again;
Possessions dignified by use
Cannot be counted too profuse:

We have a man of Ross quite near,
With more than Forty Pounds a year;
And if another in the Town there be,
Who will deny that —— - is he?

Therefore in spite of much heart burning,
She shews at times no slight discerning,
And when she lighted upon Ned,
'Twas plain her judgment bettered;
For never was a worthier man,
Of lucky or unlucky clan.
At first though some what elevated,
He was not long too far elated,
But soon reverted to the level
Assigned him by Dame Nature's bevel;
And now again was honest Ned,
The same at rising as in bed——
He was a man quite warm at heart,
Who lov'd to take misfortune's part,
And tried her sorrows to ecart.
When sometime wrong'd he still does feel
'Tis better time the wound should heal,
Than cure it by the aid of steel.
No one to him for aid applied,
Could say relief had been denied,
If that relief was merited—
Their sev'ral wants were strait supplied.

Nor did he weigh with nice suspense
The claim—or justice or pretence—
Who knows himself not merits more
O'erlooks demerit in the poor:

Folly and fate are near allied;
Vice is the Cain of brother pride,
And want does dog them close beside—
But when 'tis there and deigns the pray'r,
Assume no Rhadamantine air,
But give what Providence can spare.
The liberal soul—the poor in spirit,
Shall of themselves—themselves inherit,
And when they leave this earthly test,
To sleep or wake as God thinks best,
Shall know no want of Lazarus' finger,
To cool the tongues sulphureous ginger.

To some it has a strange appearing,
That such a man was privateering;
No reasoner he——enough for Ned,
The laws the practice sanctioned.
'Tis true he mingled in the war
And largely too—but pray what for?
He pillag'd many ships—for booty,
Destroy'd some too—from sense of duty.
" Strange species of morality !"
But wrongs are war's vitality,
Evil's her dread totality;
Therefore if any are to blame,
'Tis theirs from whom the license came.

Or right or wrong 'twas understood,
To do much harm was doing good—
Impression could alone be made,
Where Britain's vuln'able, her trade;

Her shepherds tho' a thousand told,
Too few to guard the wat'ry fold:
And lest the wand'ring sheep return,
The watchword was to fleece and burn;
I hear th' exulting sea-boy's yell,
To sack the hive and fire the shell,
Or send all standing down to H—ll.

Ned did not mingle in War's chalice,
The baneful drug of private malice;
Opening a new Pandoric valise.
The ruin he sometimes inflicted
By gen'rous feelings interdicted,
The Pris'oners here war's fortune sends
From enemies are chang'd to friends.
Twice does he conquer, twice subdue—
Inflicts the wound, and heals it too.

But now the storm of war is o'er,
Of battles, sieges, now no more;
The soldier now may ground his arms,
And woo the virgin's brighter charms.
Sailors suspend their high careering,
To seize a prize far more endearing,
By Venus' gentler light a'steering.
Freedom holds undisputed reign,
O'er woody hill and fertile plain;
Not vain the wounds her robes distain,
Upon the thorny brow of pain;
She plants her mural diadem,
And shares the sceptre of the main.

In rich profusion—gay confusion,
Within our woodland wild seclusion,
The native laurel woos the breeze,
Beneath ten thousand thousand trees—
As if to grace the warrior's bed,
(For every where have warriors bled,)
Nature in votive off'ring spread,
Her fleur de lis ensanguined.

Nor there alone, through every zone—
Far as the voice of man has flown,
Its splendour is profusely thrown—
Wide as the sea's tumultuous wave,
To wand'rer gives a wand'ring grave,
Or homeward bears on ample breast,
In sister Terra's lap to rest,
Our astral banner, striped with red,
The sons of valour onward led,
Winning a name that's dear to fame,
By playing well the warrior-game.

The haughty bough perenniel now
May bloom on ev'ry hero's brow,
'Tis won, 'tis his, 'tis consecrate;
Safe from the shocks of adverse fate,
He will preserve who did create;
And shield it from the dread decay,
Of less auspicious battle day.

The sequel of poor Edward's fate,
The bard will not anticipate;

In time of peace the web of trade,
Is of a homespun texture made;
Much caution then the rule must be,
Much labour and economy:
'Tis not to recommend snails' pace,
But slow and sure now wins the race.

END OF THE LOTTERY.

ODE TO WAR.

"*Pacem duello miscuit.*"

IF within imagination's wond'rous round,
Or dread reality's co-ord'nate bound,
Whose utmost verge no man has found,
Nor angel fathom'd its profound——
There is one cabalistic word,
Which nature shudders at when heard,
'Tis thine, accursed war;—
The tender infant at the breast,
The mother by that infant prest,
A brother by the last carest,
The father for their fate distres'd,
The sire of all by age oppres'd——
Each soft endearing name,
Which home and kindred claim,
And every feeling heart
Social living or apart,
Thy boding sounds abhor.

Can a mother sleep with infant in her arms,
When ev'ry wind brings terror's wild alarms
Within the bosom where he lies?
"In vain are all thy wond'rous charms,
To hush this bosom's rude alarms,
In vain thy artless cry and outstretch'd arms,
To save thy sire from battle's countless harms.

Far, far from thee and home,
Upon the surging comb,
Of ocean's hissing foam,
The gallant-seeming vessel hies,
And bears him to the foe——
Sleep on, my darling, sleep;
'Tis not for thee to know
Sweet babe, one envious blow,
May lay thy father low,
And leave us in the world alone——

As yet thy unform'd lip can't breathe in prayer,
Thy heavenly father would thy father spare.
Thou canst not say thy will be done.
For thee and him I'll pray and weep,
He would the father and his infant keep—
The one at home, the other on the deep,
And fervent thank for mercy shown.

Say what insatiate ire,
Say what unholy fire,
Pervades the heart of man,
And prompts him to the main?
Can it be love of fame,
Or sacred thirst of gain,
Which makes him sport with pain?
Though strange too true alas
Corrupted is the mass,
Of human kind——
In error blind,
Passions by nature wisely given,
That he might six days labour out of seven,

And spend his holydays in heaven,
Have man to acts of madness driven:

'Tis not enough your child does well,
He must do more—he must excell,——
'Tis not enough that Fortune pour,
Within his lap her golden shower,
That he be hale of limb and passing rich—
You'd have him both to th' utmost pitch—
He must be healthier than the healthy—
He must be wealthier than the wealthy ;
And every lesser blessing sent,
Is met by thankless discontent.
But mark the end presumptuous man,
Who wars against the sovereign plan.
We cannot all be first——
Ambition is the vice accurst,
From nether confines burst,
Which swells the winds with dying groans,
Which fattens earth with human bones,
And Hell enriches with our moans ;
Then he who sacred name of father owns,
Should chide the bubbling springs of pride,
Not swell them to a mighty tide,
Which virile reason cannot guide,
Or on his head must suivant guilt abide—
Behold the image of thy son, vain man,
Whose future destiny methinks I scan.
By night across the Church-yard path I pas't—
My thoughts above—on earth my eyes were cast ;
To and fro with measur'd steps and slow—I cross'd,
The death worn track, in meditation lost—

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When lo, athwart the gloom I thought I saw,
A crackbrain'd searcher after nature's law;
His phrenzied eyeballs upward roll'd,
As mid the fresh or mouldering graves he stroll'd,
When now intent he fixed his ardent gaze,
Upon a new born comet's wand'ring blaze,
And much of excentricities he talk'd,
As careless of his onward steps he walk'd;
At last upon a balanc'd stone he strides,
Which tott'ring half the inward charnel hides,
And topples down—commingling with the dead,
The emblem of a too aspiring head.

'Tis bandying with the air!
No earthly soul is near—
I'd better far be still—
These wailings wild,
Disturb my child:

And yet despite of will,
In whispers low but deep I mourn,
Desolation's ever widening bourn.
Surely the earth has field enough for blood,
For deeds of rapine and of hardihood;
Man need not lend fresh horrors to the flood——

Cease, fond mother cease,
For one is nigh who hears thy sigh,
And views thy infant's closed eye—
Does he not feed the ravens when they cry?
Does he not clothe the lilies with their dye?
When sparrow falls, is he not there?

Extending over earth and air,
His judgments and his saving care?
Will he not hear a mother's prayer?
Cease, fond mother cease,
And let us talk of peace;
Of weary man's release,
From war victorious,
Or inglorious;
From every stain,
Which follows in the vanquish'd or the victor's train
Of peace, the death of pain,
The death of fear—
And lo, she comes—she comes—
Hush'd are the doubling drums,
But every gay and sportive sound,
In circling eddies round and round,
Proclaim the white robed vision near:
On radiant pinions poised even
The dove-like form descends from Heav'n,
Hovers around thy infant's bed,
Then settles on his sacred head.

Note. This poem was written as far as the voice of consolation, on Sunday the 12th of February, and I was framing a premise of peace when the news of that happy event arrived, viz. on the following morning, Monday, the 13th February, 1815. Immediately after which, I wrote the concluding part.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 6, line 24, for *So* read *Is*.
Page 8, line 19, for *stage-eyed* read *stag-eyed*.
Page 56, line 28, for *battered* read *battened*.